A

MODEST ATTEMPT

For Healing the Preſent

Animoſities,

IN

ENGLAND.

Occaſion'd by a late BOOK, Entituled,

A Modeſt Enquiry, &c.

IN

A DIALOGUE between *Teſtimony*, a Zealous Diſſenter; and *Hot-head*, a Chollerick Bigot; *Trimmer*, Moderator.

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A MODEST ATTEMPT, &c.

THE INTRODUCTION,

OR, if you pleaſe, the *Prologue* before this *Farce*, *Comedy*, or what the Reader thinks fit to call it: How ſtark mad beyond *Moor-fields* or Hellebore, the Red-hot Bigotts of both ſides have lately bin, on the appearance of ſuch a Spectrum of a Book, as has allarm'd us more than the *French* Fleet, Gallies and all into the Bargain! How carefully this has been handed about, oraculouſly receiv'd, and kindly entertain'd by ſome! how fearfully diſapprov'd and damn'd by others; ſome believing all, others nothing, others ſtill more than all therein contain'd! And upon the whole, what an unlucky Bone of Contention it has prov'd, at ſuch a Juncture as we ought to be moſt cloſely united againſt the common Enemy! Of theſe things none can be ignorant, who for ſome Weeks laſt paſt has lived any where but in a Deſart. The Intention of what follows, is without medling with

things above the Sphere of ordinary Converſe, to repreſent the great *Furioſo*'s on either hand in their own Colours, to dreſs 'em in their own diſtorted Faces, tho' 'tis odds but they'll be ready to break the Glaſs that endeavours it. To ſhew the madneſs and unreaſonableneſs as well as danger in any ſuch deſperate Heats as almoſt ſhare the *Engliſh* World between 'em, fairly deduced from the Practices and expreſſions of the great Sticklers therein: Nor ſhould the Pleaſantneſs of the Style be any Objection againſt it, ſince if both Partyes can but be put into ſo good a humour, as to unbend their Browes, and laugh at their own and others Extravagancies, ten to one but they'l quickly grow Friends, and be aſham'd and leave 'em: One Reaſon for which I've introduced *Trimmer* for a Moderator, is to ſtave and Tail between the two furious Combatants, when villanouſly faſten'd together, and lugging one anothers Throats out: And if after all he gets nothing for his Pains, as 'tis very likely he will not, beſides a ſnap from both ſides, he'll e'ne get out of the way, and let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear, 'till both are weary.

Enter

Enter Teſtimony *and* Hot-head.
(Teſtimony *reading The Modeſt Enquiry.*)

Hot-head. WHat Poyſon is that Viper ſucking in there? I'll lay my Life 'tis ſome damn'd piece of Roguery or other againſt the Church, or Lampoon upon the Biſhops, he's ſo pleas'd, and ſnickers at it while he's reading it.

Teſtimony. Viper in thy Face, and all thy own Poyſon, thou Hell-bred Tory — thou Snake that lyeſt working and gnawing at the Heart of the Government, with a Pope and K. *James* both at once tumbling in thy Belly — Well — 'twill never be well with *England*, as my Author here prettily hints it, 'till all ſuch Rogues are puniſh'd indeed, and your Veins open'd, to let out the Venom that lurks within them.

Hot-head. Sirra! Phanatick! Hell-hound! haſt thou got that peſtilent Pamphlet among all the reſt of thy Whiggiſh Libels? —— I'le prove upon thy Carrion Carkaſs both that thou art a Villain for having it, and that 'tis all one damn'd Lye from the beginning to the end on't —— That there was never any Plot or Conſpiracy, unleſs among your Rogues, to trump up Old Puſs again — never any Treachery, Cowardiſe, Diſaſters, *French* Fleet, nor nothing at all —— Draw quickly, Sirra, that Lumber of a Weapon, and fight, or I'le pin thee to the Wall, without giving thee ſo much as time to whine thy Prayers out before I ſend thy Soul to the ——

Enter

Enter Trimmer.

Trimmer. Very loud Gentlemen, and angry, your poſture threatens worſe, which I ſhall be happy if I can prevent; you are both my old Friends, and I'd be glad to accommodate the buſineſs between ye, if I might know the Cauſe, which I gueſs is ſtill the old one.

Hothead. Yes, 'tis the *Old Cauſe* with a Vengeance: I ſmell a Rump as ſtrong as if 'twas Roaſting: Here's 41 and 48 all over, and till they have done on't, I never will: They are all Enemies to Prelacy and Monarchy, nothing but Root-and Branch-work will down with 'em now they are grown ſo Rampant, and here's a fair Lift at 'em both —— Let me come at him — Raſcal — how he leers with his Holy-Jaws and chalky Eyes ——— I'le ram that curſed Book down his Throat, 'till it comes out agen, and make him eat it afterwards.

Teſtimony. No wonder that a Malefactor ſhou'd be willing to tear his Indictment, and a Thief be not very well pleas'd at the ſight of a Halter — In very deed he has ſet ye out, and painted ye in your own dirty Colours to ſome purpoſe — all your Locuſts, the dreggs and ſpawn of the Whore — the great numbers of your diſaffected Clergy, that Plot to bring in the Pope and Devil agen, your one and all in dipt, over Head and Ears —— I'le not bate ye an Ace — not a Rag of Crape, or Skirt of

of the Whores Smock among you, but are hereby polluted, defiled, and contaminated, even to abomination — Ah — this honeſt Man here ſhows the true way to reform ye, to which I'd willingly lend my helping hand, and had began with thee, thou Limb of the Serpent, had not this ſelf-ſeeking *Trimmer* interrupted me in ſo good a work.

Hot-head. Nay, this wou'd make St. *Michael* Swear. Out of the way thou Motley-thing —— thou State-Hermophrodite, and little Go-between, that art as much a Fanatick in thy Heart as he himſelf, or I'le ſtick ye both like Froggs, one a top t'other.

Trimmer. So, here am I like to make a very hopeful buſineſs on't; in a fair way to be uſed as the Rams did their Judge, ſtand ſtill in the middle, 'till both your Horny Faces thump my Guts out. —— Has Nature given you two nothing but Tongues and Hands? or are your Ears thrown by, and never made uſe of?

Teſtimony. Whichever of us are in the right, ſuch lukewarm Wretches as thee are ſure to be in the wrong, for neither of us can endure thee.

Trimmer. The more likely I to be in the right: If you two miſs the Jack, one two ſhort, and t'other a mile beyond it, I muſt needs be the beſt Caſt that lye juſt betwixt ye. When the Hare neither takes the right nor the left-hand way, a very Hounds Syllogiſm concludes ſhe's in the middle. And do but conſider your own Wiſdom, to attempt to throw me over-board, only for keeping the Boat even, when you two are ſwagging it o' both ſides,

and

and take so much mistaken Pains to drown your selves and one another.

Hothead. I'le defer my Vengeance a little while, to convince ye, if there's any Justice in a *Trimmer*, what Reason I have for my Resentments that I can tell, and when that's done, for a *Second*, I'le admit and thank you, but as a *Mediator* I don't desire your help, and assure ye, when e're you undertake it, you'l find it a very thankless office.

Trimmer. I'me content to meet that and worse in the discharge of my Duty and Honour, but hope better than both, for I see our Friend *Testimony* recovers as well as you, and begins to look less pale, than at the first Rencounter.

Testimony. Tho' I am not to be moved from Principles and matter of Fact, yet I'm willing to hear what my Enemy can say against me, in hopes to make you a Convert, tho' he's desperate, and I've quite given him over.

Trimer. Shall I have both your honest words, to reason calmly, and will you consent to a Truce for an Hours time, 'till the Discourse is ended.

Both. Agreed.

Trimmer. I think you are both Plaintiffs and Defendants, so 'tis no great matter which speaks first: But since he seems the Party most griev'd, let *Hothead* begin.

Hot-head. Can any thing be plainer, than that the utter Destruction of the Church is intended by these Fellows, and han't we as good as their own Confession, that nothing less will please

pleaſe 'em. Their very names enough, were there no more, and Fire and Water are leſs contrary then *Whig* and *Tory*, nor is there any more likelihood to accompliſh, or reaſon to attempt any accomodation between 'em. None but ſuch as they are encouraged, and Fellows fetcht out of Jails ſet up to be our Maſters. What ſafety or protection can we expect while things are thus, and ſuch notorious Fanatics ſo much in requeſt every where. 'Tis inſufferable the abuſes and inſults met with from that ſort of Cattle by honeſter men than themſelves, To all the reſt they have added this new affront, ripping up old ſores, endeavouring to ſet the Mob at us as Traytors to the Goverment, and villainouſly expoſing us as far as lies and impudence can help 'em. Till things are at laſt come to ſuch heighth, aſſiſted by the ſucceſs they have met with in *Scotland*, that of neceſſity either we muſt cut their Throats, or they will ours, and what we do is in meer ſelf defence.

Trimmer, Ill news indeed wer't true— But *Teſtimony* what anſwer d'ye make to all this?

Teſtimony, I anſwer with my directer, *That 'tis nothing but a perſecuting ſpirit acts their whole party, and all their deſire is to be uppermoſt again, to ruin us and bring in their Idolized King* James, *after they had ſo long dinn'd all* Europe *with complaints of their triffling afflictions and grievances in order to get them out. A Toleration for Papiſts they wou'd eaſily have ſwallowed, but immediately flew out as ſoon as abridged of their beloved Power to trample Diſſenters. We han't forgot what formerly we did ſuffer; nor are inſenſible of what the Nation now feels, and might have done more had not a ſtrange providence diſappointed their devices.*

We owe this to the Clergy as well as all our other miſeries and diſaſters, for the Clergy were the great contrivers and managers of all— But there are ſome people in the world, who when any ſignal misfortune befall their ſtate, they immediately offer up to their angry Deities ſome of their Prieſts as a ſacrifice to attone their wrath, becauſe they might have taught 'em better, to have pleaſed the Gods ſo as not to provoke 'em to inflict ſuch judgments on 'em, and 'tis a wonder indeed the Nation has not done the like on their being lately forc'd to turn their backs to the French at ſea, and puniſh'd ſome of 'em for having brought all this upon 'em. For the world is weary of being Prieſt-ridden, and is reſolved now to be ſo no longer.

Trimmer, And you think now you have ſufficiently anſwered all he has urged againſt you!

Teſtimony, Yes, and a great deal more.

Trimmer, You are both ſtill the ſame, and are ſo uſed to ſhoot beyond the mark, 'tis a wonder how you ever chance to hitt one another. I ſee I muſt e'ne anſwer ye both or elſe not much will be ſaid to the purpoſe. Your firſt complaint Mr. *Hothead*, is, that no leſs then the utter deſtruction of you and the Church is intended, Reaſon enough to make you uneaſie— but one conſiderable Queſtion ought here to be put in. Who ſhall do this? Not thoſe at Helm themſelves, for they are of the ſame Faith with you, though a great deal more Charity. Not your Enemies among either the great or ſmall Mobile, For though ſome few of 'em, and Friend *Teſtimony* among the reſt may want no good will to do it, they muſt

muſt ſtay till they have power, they have no Armies concealed at *Knights-bridge*, and ſure thouſand men will hardly do it? If the very appellation of *Whig* and *Tory* ſets you by the Ears, remember 'tis childrens play indeed to call names and thence fall to Logger-heads, a word and a blow in the worſt ſenſe of the proverb, However rage and prejudice blinds you, when you ſay, none but ſuch are preferred and encouraged, unleſs you'l call all ſo, who are firm to the preſent Goverment. Was there ever a Reign that knew a more equal diſtribution of Favours, that oblige more, and juſtly offended fewer then this has done? If thoſe are now on your Benches who formerly were in your priſons, ſay no more, but bluſh for ſhame when you remember who brought 'em thither and for what cauſe, for if that were in its ſelf of any weight you muſt condemn Apoſtles and Martyrs. That any ſhould be ſo fooliſh or wicked to complain of partiality towards Diſſenters! which looks very ill-favouredly towards ſharpning their objection, that you are only angry becauſe you ca'nt trample on 'em ſtill. Very probably ſome of them, or others whom you call *Whigs* may offer you affronts hard enough to be digeſted, may ſometimes abuſe and falſly ſcandalize you, and I wiſh in all they object againſt you they did no otherwiſe; you ought to have a care both of your ſelves and others, for a hot man injures all his party as well as himſelf. It had been happy for *England* had their been no occaſion for ſome complaints made againſt you and if once the love of the people is loſt, 'tis not ſo eaſily gained again, and ſome al-

lowance muſt be made to the ill temper, an ill accident or little fret puts men into—, it infects their mind with a kind of an Aguiſh diſtemper, in which they do nothing but ſhake and tremble, and throw up abundance of Choler and ugly ſtuff not very pleaſant afterward either to themſelves or thoſe about 'em. Nay, ſhou'd their reſentments go beyond their bounds, methinks a generous man ſhould hardly take 'em very hainouſly, ſince 'tis miſtaken zeal and love for their Countrey which may for the moſt part drive 'em into thoſe unwarrantable extremities. Beſides, knowing too well where to fix the accidental cauſe of moſt of the misfortunes which have lately befaln us, they are to be pittyed as much as blamed for laying on load a little too well favouredly.

After all, ſhou'd any be ſo imprudent or wicked to endeavour fixing the greateſt and moſt barbarous of injuries on your perſons, there is God-be-thanked, a Government to defend you— If there are any perſons ſo much in love with ſo humble a Glory that they are ambitious to ſucceed Captain *Tom*, and Halloo the Mob at you, the State is not ſo weak that it can't find Guards enough for you, and Halter for them, in the mean while words will break no bones, and you may have an eaſie exerciſe of the Philoſophy to contemn them. For after all the Water will roar and run through Bridge, though you ſhou'd break your back and heart to hinder it.

The

The many will be like it ſelf if it diſlike any thing 'twill talk big and loud, and roll on with Mud and Fury, but can't you ſtand aſide and let it run by, which 'twill not fail to do with no leſs ſwiftneſs then noiſe, having this advantage and excuſe too for both, that it ſtreams run all the ſame way, and that now by chance in the Right Channel.

For *Scotland*, the trite Common-place of you High-Flyers, whats that to us? They have their Laws and we ours, and ours as Sacred here as Theirs are there—. But tis no wonder if Fear, Doubt, Prejudice and Anger draw Reaſons from Similitudes and Compariſons, Arguments good enough for ſuch ill arguers—. Is there no difference I'd fain know, between the genius of a Nations lying one way or 'tother, between inveterate prejudice againſt and for perſons, or things and forms of Government. Laſtly between a Gentry and Parliament at one End, and firm original Laws at the the other, engaging for or againſt ſuch or ſuch a particular way of Worſhip? Till you anſwer all theſe been't angry with your Neighbours, eſpecially conſidering what well deſerves a thought, that perſons of your temper have in all probability conduced more to any change there, then any other Argument.

Teſtimony, A very Edifying diſcourſe this,— How I love this healing temper, and theſe moderate men; and how unjuſtly does my adverſary blame me for being averſe to all calm and uniting methods?

Trimmer, Yes I have always obſerv'd you love moderation well when 'tis o' that ſide, that is when others not you are adviſed to it. If you continue in the ſame mind after you have heard your part, I ſhall be very happily miſtaken.

I remember how loudly you formerly complained when *Touzer* my good Friend and yours, uſed to pinch and worry you with the din of Forty One or Forty Eight, ringing as many changes on thoſe numbers as if they had been as many Bells. This you thought neither fair nor prudent to ript up old ſores paſt ſo many years, revive their memory and odium, and ſet the Nation a madding one againſt t'other, as juſtly you urged, as *Heylen* charges you, becauſe hee'd be ſure to go high enough with the Rebellion of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, and makes them and all their Company as rank Presbyterians as any in *Geneva*. Your complaint was by all good men allowed to be juſt, and at laſt the ſubject and relator grew alike odious— Why do you in this ſo and many other inſtances, follow what ſo little while ſince you have condemn'd.

All the Extravagancies of the Two laſt Reigns, all the ebullitions of Fear, or Prejudice, or other Humane Paſſions, during the high and unnatural ferment the Nation was then in, muſt be trumpt up anew, dreſt and coloured as freſhly and lively as if tranſacted but yeſterday, and nothing ſince had intervened, in ſome meaſure, to ballance complaints and wrongs. Is't not, to Reaſon fairly, a very odd ſort of an Argument to prove *the Clergy were the chief managers of Affairs and Cauſes of bringing the* French *Fleet into the Channel*, in the Year 1690; becauſe perhaps in 78, or 80, a dull Parſon (and you can't expect a Doctor of Divinity in a place where it ſeems you'll allow but Ten Pounds a Year, without ſo much as a Pudding in) ſhou'd on the 30th of *January* Preach up Paſſive-Obedience, or Perſecution of Diſſenters— Commend me to *Teſtimony*'s Chain of Thoughts, however they talk of *Hobbs's*. Is't not as good Reaſon as ever 'twas, —*Why are theſe things ript up to the diſturbance of the Peace of the Nation?* And hareing perhaps ſix parts in ſeven almoſt out of their Senſes, with perſwading 'em all their Parſons wear Cloven-Feet under their Crape, have certainly betray'd 'em to the *French*, and writ down their very Names (in inviſible Characters,) on the backſide of the Memorial?— Beſides,— are the Clergy the only Men to be ſtruck at,— None but they to bear the brunt of a Popular Tumult?— Is there no Sence left in *England* of that reſpect which even *Barbarians*,— and thoſe in *Aſia* too,

bear

bear for Perſons of that Character ? Will it be ſaid more of them proportionably then of other faculties or bodies of Men are diſaffected ? This is not ſo eaſily prov'd as ſaid.— Thoſe who affirm it, too much oblige the *Jacobites* Party. Generals can only be argued from particulars. Conſult the *London* Pulpits, and ſee if there's any ſort of Men in *London* who are more generally firm to the preſent Government, who have fewer diſaffected Members among 'em—. Judge not Hearts, that's Gods work; we ſpeak of Actions, thoſe only come under our obſervation. Enquire on, at *Cambridge* and *Oxford*, and ſee if you han't the ſame Returns made. That there are ſome, and too many even of this Character, turbulent, heady, high-minded, is as true as that the viſible Church will have alwayes ſome ill Members till 'tis Triumphant. Here's the Quarrel,— all are blamed, or they are ſo *Indefinitely*, which every School-Boy knows mounts to the ſame,— the ſtreſs, the point of all accuſations are worded againſt the *Clergy in general*, and then after the World is thoroughly infected with ſuch ill notions of 'em, I appeal to any one what avails a lame reſtriction at the laſt, and proteſting,— *I did not intend any affront to any of thoſe worthy Gentlemen who deſerve well of the Government, but highly honour and eſteem them*—. Why all this looks like a perfect banter, and will in ſpite of the World, what e're was intended, be alwayes eſteemed no better.

By

By a *perſecuting Spirit* as you call it, which you charge 'em with, you mean either a general Inclination in the Party to deſtroy you and all others, or elſe only ſome particular Men of worſe or warmer Tempers who are uneaſie if others are not ſo. If the firſt you are unjuſt, if the latter very weak, for that very many among thoſe whom you ſo heartily hate are as much for moderating matters as poſſible, and more had been ſo, had not you frighted 'em out on't, none can with any pretence to modeſty deny. Who but a Body of Men, Members of that Church you love ſo little, have given you as to your Conſciences all the eaſe you cou'd deſire; and if there are ſtill ſome, nay many *Hot-heads* among 'em, you have *Teſtimonies* enough o' Conſcience to give 'em a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*. Never was any Party in any place in the World for any conſiderable time uppermoſt, but they were inclined to preſs hard on thoſe beneath 'em, never any under, but they complain'd of Perſecution. Shew me any Sect here in *England* that was not for cruſhing all the others as a ſort of putredinous Vermin, whenever 'twas in their power; a weakneſs perhaps almoſt inſeparable from Humane Nature. But with what Reaſon or Manners this ſhou'd now be urged, and with what Loyalty you can look back beyond an Act of Grace (as you uſed formerly to urge for your ſelves againſt others) I know not who amongſt you is Caſuiſt enough to reſolve me. You tell us they dinn'd all *Europe*, with their *Trifling Afflictions*, and *Trifling Grievances*,

and wou'd not let the then Prince of *Orange* alone, till he *came over to redreſs them?* But how far does *Teſtimony* here outrun both Truth and Modeſty? I ask, Was it only they who invited the Prince over? You do them a great Honour? were thoſe *Grievances* only *Trifling ones* which he came to redreſs? where's your Sence, Truth, Civility and Loyalty? I always thought, and ſo did all *Europe*, that 'twas the common Cauſe of Religion and Liberty, no *Trifling* things, was then in the higheſt danger, and that the then Prince, our now gracious Soveraign, who uſes not to undertake ſuch Enterprizes on *Trifling* Reaſons, was ſent, like an Arm from Heaven to ſave *both* when juſt ſinking, as his Declaration told the World. If he did not come to *faſten every* Pin *or Nail in* Canterbury *or* Lambeth, he came at leaſt to ſecure the main Pillars *and Beams* of their Roofs, as he has often ſince aſſured 'em; not to *pull 'em all down* as flat as the Hugonots Temples in *France*, as no doubt, *Teſtimony!* you expected and deſired, and as you are, ſo there's no fear but you will ſtill be deceiv'd in your Expectations. Your angry Imputation that they would willingly have ſwallow'd a Toleration for the Papiſts, if that cou'd have been had without eaſing the Diſſenters, is ſo far from having any ground, that the contrary is notorious, both from matter of Fact and common Reaſon. Had they join'd with the Papiſts, can any one ſuppoſe the Court had not eaſily attain'd their Ends, or wou'd King *James* have thrown them off on purpoſe out of pure kindneſs

kindneſs to the Diſſenters, or reſpect to their tender Conſciences. I thought you had long before known there was no Love loſt between you. Let the World judge what fair play is to be expected from Men of your Temper, when the beſt and faireſt Actions in the World are thus repreſented, when ſuch Interpretations are Wire-draw'd from 'em that look as if juſt ſpit out of the Mouths of a *Peter*'s or a *Jeffery*'s. Is this your Love to the Government, thus to beſpatter its beſt and firmeſt Friends, who have contributed ſo much to our happineſs, whereas *Teſtimony!* you were little more than the Fly on the Wheel, crying out, What a Duſt do we make?

But here is ſtill a Body of Men *indefinitely* charg'd with Conſults, Intrigues, Invitations and Attempts to bring the *French* upon us; and burn our Ships; and Towns, and us too, there's no doubt, as ſoon as they had done the other; ſure there is a Law for ſuch as are guilty of all this, whoſe Reſentments can't but be ſevere enough againſt ſuch Perſons as are really concern'd. But alas, that requires calm, fair and legal Proof, and a ſober Bench and Jury to be Judges in the caſe whereas proof being wanting, the more Compendious way muſt be taken, the Mob erected into a *High Court of Juſtice*, and you Mr. *Teſtimony* the *Preſident* on't, where without thoſe common dull formalities the Parties are convicted *per Saltum*, and the Judges are ready to be Executioners.

'Tis ſtrange that only a vaſt confidence ſhould paſs for argument with any who pretend to be men either of Religion or Reaſon. Call, Ask, Challenge, again and again, demand the Names of thoſe Perſons accuſed of the blackeſt and moſt heinous of Villanies --- you can't get a word, not one ſingle Letter of their Names --- nothing but common prejudices and ſuch unhappy Reaſons as yet muſt be ſtretcht with a vengeance to draw any ſuch conſequence from 'em --- but where's the proof of a formal Deſign by theſe Men ſo broadly every where hinted at--- If you know, *Teſtimony!* ſpeak now, or for ſhame for ever after hold your peace !

Teſtimony. It mayn't be yet convenient--- There's a time for all things. D'ye think ſuch things would ever be ſo poſitively affirmed if there were not ſomewhat at the Bottom, nay, proof and aſſurance of the truth of what's aſſerted.

Trimmer. That's all --- and you have now fairly prov'd one Suppoſition by another. *Hot-head* is eager enough, I'm ſatisfied, and would as willingly be at you as you at him, but I'll never believe without better argument than have yet heard or am like to hear, that he'll be ſuch a Villain to Sacrifice his Country to his particular piques and private Revenge. You ſay 'tis n't yet time to inſtance -- Is't not a time either to diſcover Traitors, or clear honeſt Men - Here's a body of Men charged the very Lump muſt be lookt on guilty (and that's it indeed you ſeem to drive at,) for want of having

ing it fix'd on ſome Individuals. Why do's not the Government then ſeize theſe Perſons? the Law is open; why are they not Inform'd againſt? are not greater Perſons than they can be preſumed, daily Secured? No, no, *Teſtimony*! You had never ſuch a vaſt kindneſs for Mr. *Hot-head*, any of his Friends, as to conceal their Treaſons, if ye knew any thing of the matter, and venture a hanging to keep them from the ſame Fate.

Teſtimony. If you were not a Jacobite your ſelf, or a Well-willer to their Cauſe, you'd never thus go to vindicate 'em. What! don't all the world know theſe are for King *James*? don't they refuſe to own the Preſent Government, and ſtill pretend themſelves what the laſt Reign made 'em? None but ſuch as ſhut their Eyes, and are wilfully blind and hardened can deny all this.

Trimmer. Softly Mr. *Teſtimony*---Here's a whole Rope of Fallacies as long as a Chain of Snakes Eggs. Firſt, you Implicitly charge all the large and ancient Family of the *Hot-heads* with being Jacobites-- an Imputation very many of 'em ſo much reſent, there would certainly be Murder between them and the *Teſtimonys*, cou'd they get together, tho' much better were this eagerneſs turn'd the other way, and the only quarrel between 'em who moſt loved their Country and oppoſed its Enemies.

Again-- you ſuppoſe it one and the ſame thing to have any ſcruples againſt the preſent Government, to be diſſatisfied in Conſcience concerning it, and to Plot its deſtruction by bring-

ing

ing in the *French* upon it-- ſearch deep, and there lies the Core of all; for how vaſtly different may theſe two be one from another? You ſhou'd prove, as has been boldly enough affirm'd, that all theſe ſuppoſed *Jacobites* accuſed by you, have actually conſpired with *France* for the Invaſion of their Countrey, and Deſtruction of the Government; you only prove on the upſhot, that they muſt do ſo becauſe they are *Jacobites*. Juſt *Roger's* arguing-- A Beaſt of a *Trimmer*, or a Whigg, or Fanatick, are certainly forming Plots againſt the State, only becauſe they are called by thoſe Names. We may at leaſt now argue as cloſely--- *Teſtimony* has ſeveral ſcruples againſt the Church--- therefore he'll ne're be at reſt till he has deſtroy'd it. Is there no Medium between theſe two. Is't not poſſible to live peaceably and honeſtly even under the Misfortune of an erroneous Conſcience, nay, to carry it better than thoſe who are in the right? In Gods Name let all Traytors have their due-- the Axe is ſharp enough, and the Halter ſtrong enough, and the Law powerful enough to tame 'em, but by no means can I think *Teſtimony* a proper Perſon to be Judge, Jury, Evidence, Hangman and all, nor ſeems it much fairer at this time of day to give *ill Names*, which may be worſe than either a *half* or whole *Hanging*.

Teſtimony. I ſay again, that a Man of that Pomp of Stile, that Geny, and all that, wou'd never offer to talk at this rate unleſs he were ſure of what he ſaid.

Trimmer.

Trimmer. When people are angry they ſeldom ſpeak no more than they'll Swear to. An enraged Stile is here viſible in every Paragraph, accompany'd with an aſſurance as commonly the mark of weak as good Evidence. Things are already bad enough, we have Villains enough, and but too many, who we are aſſured both by Proclamation, Confeſſions, and concurring abundant Evidence, have actually form'd a deſign at leaſt to aſſiſt, and we may thence fairly argue to invite the Deſtroyers of the World to come hither--- But why ſhou'd any delight to weaken the Hands of thoſe who really Love, and to the Death wou'd defend their Countrey, by perſwading 'em there are more herein engaged than really are ſo? Deſerves not he to be puniſh'd as a Diſperſer of falſe News, who ſhould pretend Thirty Thouſand *French* were Landed, and marching up into the Countrey, laying it all under Contribution or Aſhes, when only a few Sheep-ſtealers ſtroll'd Aſhore on a Common by the Sea ſide? 'Tis ſomething of a parallel caſe here, and I wonder how you *Teſtimony!* who, I'm ſatisfied, do really, in your way, love your Countrey ſo well, ſhou'd yet be ſo forward to believe ſo many more Rogues in it, unfit to live, than are or can ever be proved to be ſo.

I wou'd fain know whether you are really ſtill of the ſame mind you were t'other day. That *the Nation in* Aſia *did well who Sacrificed their Prieſts when their Gods were angry*? If you don't approve of it, why do you bring it? Examples are not

not produced for nothing, and this has a fair aim, and a very broad one--- It ſeems the *Teſtimonies* of *Aſia* were near akin to ours--- the Hiſtorian gives us no account of their diſtinguiſhing between one and t'other--- Thoſe who taught 'em right, and thoſe who did not--- Then beſides, you ought to have told us the reſt of the Story--- ſure that juſt and pious Nation, whoever they were, muſt to make all things even, Sacrifice all thoſe who wou'd not heed what the Prieſt told 'em in order to appeaſe their Gods when he did his Duty; as well as the Prieſt for not doing it in giving 'em due warning. Was not there a great deal of need, *Teſtimony!* For the Authors aſſuring us he was no Clergy man? Tho' had he been ſo, this Advice wou'd have been much more generous, there had been ſomething then of the *Roman* in't, and we durſt not have doubted but he himſelf had firſt leapt into the Flames, and devoted himſelf for his Countrey--- for a Man of ſo much Worth, and ſuch a Figure as he makes, wou'd have been a more valuable Sacrifice than half a thouſand little Wretches of 10. *l.* a year whom he's ſo briſk upon.

Teſtimony. The Truth is that paſſage is a little ſharp--- but then 'tis ſo pleaſant, and there's ſo much Wit and Satyr in't that 'tis pity it ſhou'd have been left out--- for 'tis one of the beſt Flowers there.

Trim. I remember I have read ſomewhere among the curſed Barbarities the poor Proteſtants ſuffered in *Ireland*

Ireland from their deviliſh Perſecutors, ſome of thoſe Monſters wou'd at their Feaſts and Merry-Meetings have ſeveral of theſe poor Creatures brought in before their Company, and cut and wound them for their diverſion, only to ſee how nimbly they leapt up and down when thus Tormented; and in this they thought themſelves the wittieſt People, and That, the moſt Comical Entertainment in the World. The Queſtion in this Caſe, as well as ours, is, Whether or no the Matter will bear Jeſting? 'Tis too home a Jeſt to ſet the Rabble a Limbing the Clergy where-ever they meet 'em, like Cocks at *Shrove-tide*; and if they ſpoil a good Jeſt by not puſhing it home, there wants however no good will in him who has done his part towards it.

Teſtimony. You miſrepreſent and abuſe the Gentleman: See here, he explains it lower. He only *Wonders* the Nation had not, on the Loſs ſuſtain'd from the *French* Fleet, *Dewitted ſome* of *'em*, not *all.*

Trimmer. Moſt abundantly Civil. He does not invite, or perſwade 'em to it, but only *Wonders* they ſtand ſtill like Fools, with their Thumbs in their Mouths, or their Hands in their Pockets, and don't rouze themſelves, feel their own Strength, chuſe ſome *Maſſianello* to head 'em, down with *Canterbury* and *Lambeth*, as formerly with the Popiſh Maſs-Houſes, and ſend thoſe in the inſide after the Arch Biſhop of

St. *Andrews.* Not that he'd have *All* the Prieſts in *England* ſerv'd ſo: He'd have a few left for Breeders, or to ſay Grace, and to teach young Mr. his *Propria quæ-maribus* now and then. Two things *Teſtimony*, a Man leſs hot then you wou'd have conſider'd; Firſt, *Are they Guilty?* Secondly, *Are theſe the Judges?* Things both not unworthy Conſideration, before you ought to have proceeded to Judgment and Execution.

Teſtimony. Well; Whether or no his Paſſion might carry him a little too far, this is ſure, The Nation has been notoriouſly *Prieſt-ridden* theſe many Years: 'Tis now grown weary of being ſo any longer; and if in throwing their Riders they do happen to give 'em a ſmall rub on the Shins into the bargain, I think 'tis no great matter.

Trimmer. Will Paſſion excuſe a ſingle *Murder*; much leſs a general one, which I think is no other than a *Maſſacre?* How far the Nation has been Prieſt-ridden, as your People love ſo civilly to word it, I care not to enquire, wiſhing there had been formerly no more ground for this pretence then is now. This I own too true; too many of *them* were formerly *Court-ridden*, ſome from Intereſt, others, I queſtion not, out of Conſcience. But were theſe the only Men who were ſo? Beſides, though ſome might be, and were thus byaſs'd; Is this now the Vice of the Age, or not rather the contrary? Han't the Stage, the Phi-

Philoſophers been employ'd to Ridicule and expoſe them, and Vilifie that Society of Man, as well as Religion and common Honeſty, for now almoſt half an Age; And han't they made a fair Progreſs in this their Deſign? What would content ſome People? Would you have 'em all be *Gibeonites*? Is not *Ten Pound a Tear* little enough for 'em that you'd have 'em ſtill cloſer to the Grind-ſtone? Ask the meaning of being *Prieſt-Ridden* of very many who are moſt angry with the Word, and Ten to One but you'll have it explain'd, by *believing thoſe Tales they tell in their Pulpits, of Vice, and Vertue here, and a future State when this is ended.* Thus, between the Atheiſt of one Side, the Superſtitious Bigot of tother, either for or againſt little things, in Compariſon of our Liberty and Religion; 'tis ſo hard to find a true Wiſe, Honeſt Man, that one may walk as long as *Diogenes* did, before we meet that Miracle.

Hot-head. You have talkt ſo much Reaſon both againſt and for me, that I acknowledge my ſelf convinced of the Weakneſs of much of my Prejudice; but yet you your ſelf own ſo much of what I Aſſerted to be true, that from thence it appears, tho I had never ſo great a Love to my Countrey, I muſt be put on defending my ſelf, before I meet more diſtant Dangers; and tho never ſo much a Friend to Peace and Unity, muſt yet never expect any Truce or Comprehenſion with *Teſtimony*, who hates me worſe then all the Seven deadly Sins together.

Trimmer. I can prevent his Anſwer, for 'tis but repeating what you have ſaid, and you are really both of you too much in the right. You're both of you Men of Sence enough, where Paſſion don't blind ye, both *Engliſhmen*, and both my Friends, and 'twould be a happy Day for you, me, and Old *England*, if you were as much ſo to one another: The very way to make you ſo, I'll tell you in ſhort, if you'll follow it. Forget all theſe Objections, you have made on either ſide. Do as *Conſtantine* did, (and ſave our *Conſtantine* the Labour of doing it for you;) burn all Complaints of both ſides; for as there's no quarrelling, unleſs two Perſons are reſolv'd on't, ſo to be ſure, there can be no Agreement, unleſs both have a mind to't: Conſider, how all *Europe* are link'd in a firm Bow, againſt their common Enemy; not only *Lutheran* with *Calvaniſts*, and *Zuinglians* with both; but even Papiſts, with Proteſtants, to pull down the *French* Tirant, whoſe Ruine ſeems very near, unleſs we ſhore him up by our own Follies; nor certainly is the breach greater between us then thoſe whom Intereſt only unites, tho' as has been ſaid of different Sentiments, Religions, and Nations; nay, even National Antipathies are laid aſleep, and drowned in the main Cauſe, as in Deluges, were Dogs and Cats are agreed.

Teſtimony. For my part all I deſire is Security to enjoy my own, Liberty to ſerve my Country, and Satisfaction that my Brother *Hot-head* here does renounce

nounce King *James*, and all his Works; and then I'd be his Friend for ever, draw my long Sword, and Fight by his Side as long as I can ſtand, againſt them, whoſe moſt effectual Plot I begin to think has been ſetting us together by the Ears.

Hot head. And I only wiſh I may be ſecured in what the Law has given me, and the Church ſtand firm on that legal *Baſis* which has ſtood proof againſt all Aſſaults for above this hundred Year.

Trimmer. Now the buſineſs begins to look with a good Face, both theſe are eaſily done; and I wiſh heartily you two cou'd Subſcribe to this Arbitration, in the Name of all the reſt concern'd. You ought therefore to give mutual Satisfaction and Releaſes to each other from this day back-ward, to the beginning of the World, and the work is done.

Hot-head. "I Solemnly Declare, That I neither "do, or ever did know of any Plot againſt Their "preſent Majeſties K. *William*, and Q. *Mary*, whom "God preſerve; but abhor any ſuch thing, as I do "any *French* Invaſion, or any pretence of the Late "King *James*, but will oppoſe both to the utmoſt of "my power; and reſolve for the future to live in "Peace and Unity with my Brother *Teſtimony*, if "he'll give me leave.

Teſtimony. "I *Obadiah Teſtimony* do likewiſe on "my part Declare, That I have no deſign of Intro- "ducing a Common-wealth, or pulling down the "Church of *England*, but only deſire to live peace- "ably and Friendly with my Brother *Hot-head*, and "all other honeſt Men.

Trimmer. And is not this much better then pul-ling of Quoifs, or ſplitting of Lungs? After all, I hope you, and others, will take fair warning, nei-ther to give cauſe of Suſpition or Anger: Of one ſide the Nation has newly recovered its Liberty, of which 'tis ſo very juſtly jealous, as almoſt to excuſe even extravagant Reſentments againſt ſuch whom they have any fair ground to ſuſpect endeavour to bring back their old Slavery. On the other, no ho-neſt Man but muſt take it not very kindly, either to be rank'd among Rogues when he does not deſerve it, or treated as ſuch, though he abhor them and their Deſigns, as much as thoſe who accuſe him for being a ſharer in them.

F I N I S.

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